Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me I followed *Henries* courſe,
When ſcarſe the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo yong, ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept mine eyes from ſleepe.
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
Bnt haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pittie thy complaints.
Dut. Glo. No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glorie.
Dut. Glo. Adue poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
Dut. Yor. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie old yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wraskt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Coſen of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcendeth his throne.*

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is King *Richard* ſeated:
But ſhall wee weare theſe honours for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we reioyce in them?
Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they laſt.
Kin. Ri. O *Buckingham*, now I doe play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Yong *Edward* liues: think now what I would ſay.
Buc. Say on my gratious ſoueraigne.
King. Why *Buckingham*, I ſay I would be King.
Buc. Why ſo you are my thrice renowned Liege,
Kin. Ha: am I King? tis ſo, but *Edward* liues.
Buc. True noble Prince.
Kin. O bitter conſequence,
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould liue true noble Prince.
Coſen, thou wert not wont to be ſo dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wiſh the baſtards dead,
And I would haue it ſuddenly performde.
What ſaieſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenly, be briefe.
Buc. Your grace may do your pleaſure.
King. Tut, tut, thou art all ycc, thy kindneſſe freezeth.
Say, haue I thy conſent that they ſhall die?
Buc. Giue me ſome breath, ſome little pauſe my Lord,
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake herein:
I will reſolue your grace immediatly.
Cat. The King is angry, ſee, he bites the lip.
King. I will conuerſe with iron witted fooles,
And vnreſpectiue boyes, none are for me
That looke into me with conſiderate eyes:
Boy, high-reaching *Buckingham* growes circumſpect.
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowſt thou not any whome corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a diſcontented Gentleman,
Whoſe humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Terrill.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.14) Octavo